

THE KING and NORTHERN MAN.

Shewing how a poor Northumberland Man, Tenant to the KING, was wrong'd by a Lawyer, concerning five Ashes; and how the poor Man went to the King and made known his Grievance.



TO drive away the weary Day,
a Book I chanced to take in hand,
and therein I read assuredly
a Story, as you shall understand.

Perusing many a History over,
amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view
The Book's Name, and Title is this:
The Second Lesson too good to be true.

There read I of a Northumberland Man,
that was born and brought up in the King's own Land,
He paid twenty Shillings Rent a Year
to the King, as I do understand.

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his Farm he was not content,
But over the poor Man still hang'd his Noise,
because he did gather the King's Rent.

He told him he his Lease had forfeit,
and that he must there no longer abide,
The King by such Loons hath mickle wrong done,
and for you the World is broad and wide.

The poor Man pray'd him for to cease
and content himself if he would be willing,
and pick no vantage in my Lease,
and I shall give thee forty shillings.

Its neither forty shilling, nor forty pound,
the warrant thee can so agree thee and me,
Unless thou yield me thy Farm so round,
and stand unto my courtesy.

The poor Man said, I may not do so,
my wife and my Bears will make ill work;
if thou with my Farm wilt let me go
thou seem'st a geud Fellow, I'll give thee 5 Marks.

The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further in the matter he means to smell.
The Neighbours had the poor Man provide his
and make submission to the King himself. (Rent,

He gat an humble Staff on his back,
a Jerkin I wot that was so Gay,
with a good blew bonnet he thought it no lack,
to the King he is ganging as fast as may be.

He had not gone a Mile out of the Town,
but one of his Neighbours he did espy,
How far is it to the King, for thither I am bound,
as fast as ever I can hie.

I am sorry for you, Neighbour, he said,
for your simplicity I make moan,
I'll warrant you, you may ask for the King
when nine or ten Days Journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King had won so far,
I'll never a sought him a Mile out of the Town,
He's either sought me, or we'd ne'er a come near,
at home I had rather spent a Crown.

But when he came to the City of London,
Of every Man he for the King did call,
They told him that he need not to fear,
for the King he lies now at the Whitehall.

And with spying of Earls in the City,
because he had never been there before,
He lay so long a bed the next Day,
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that Morn.

You lay too long then said his Host,
You ha lay too long by a great while,
The King is now to Windsor gone
he's further gone by twenty Mile.

I think I was carst, then said the poor Man,
if I had been wise I might ha confider,
Belike the King of me he's gotten some weat,
he had ne'r gone away, had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, then said his Host,
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may,
Before it will requite your Cost,
for look what is past the King will pay.

But when he came to Windsor Castle,
with his humble staff on his back,
Although the Gates wide open stood,
he laid on them till he made 'em crack.

Why stay, pray Friend, art mad? quoth the
what makes thee keep this stir to day? (Porter,
Why, I am a Tenant of the King's,
who have a message to him to say.

The King hath Men enough, said the Porter,
your Message well that they can say,

why, there's ne'er a Knave that the King doth keep,
shall ken my secret Mind to Day.

I were told e'er I came from home,
e'er I got hither it would be dear bought,
Let me in, I'll give thee a single Penny,
I see thou'lt ha' small e'er thou do it for naught.

Gramercy, said the Porter then,
thy Reward is so great, I cannot say nay,
Yonder's a Noble Man within the Court,
I'll first hear what he doth say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
he said he would show him pretty sport,
there's like a Clown come to the Gate,
as came not this seven Years to the Court.

He calls all Knaves the King doth keep,
he raps at the Gates and makes a great Dim,
He's passing liberal of Reward,
he'd give a good single penny to be let in.

Let him in then, said the Noble Man;
come in Fellow, the Porter did say,
if thou comes within thy self, he said,
thy Staff behind the Gate must stay.

And this Cuckold's Cur may lig behind,
what a Devil what a Cur hast thou got with thee,
The King will take him up for his own fel,
I'll warrant when he doth him see.

Beshrew thy Limbs, then said the poor Man,
then may thou count me a Fool or worfe,
I wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
for want of Money may pick my purse.

Let him in with his Staff & Dog, said the Lord,
he gave a nod with's head & a bend with's Knees;
if you be Sir King, then said the poor Man,
as I can very well think you be.

For I was told e'er I came from home,
you're the goodliest Man that I e'er saw before,
with so many Jingle Jangles about one's Neck,
as is about yours, I never saw none.

I am not the King, said the Nobleman,
Fellow, though I have a proud Coat,
if you be't the King, help me to speech of him,
you seem a geud Fellow, I'll give you a Groat.

Gramercy, said the Nobleman,
thy reward is so great, I cannot say nay,
I'll go know the King's Pleasure if I can,
till I come again before you stay.

Here's like a staying then said the poor Man
belike the King's better than any in our Country
I might a gone to the farthest nuke in the House
neither Lad nor Loon to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
he said he would show his Grace good sport,
Here's such a Clown come to the Gate
as came not this seven Years to the Court.

He calls all Knaves your Highness keeps,
and more than that he tells them worfe,
He'll not come in without his Staff and Dog,
for fear some Bankrupt should pick his purse.

Let him in with his Staff then said our King,
that of his Sport we may see some.
We'll see how he'll handle every point
as soon as our match of bowls is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a Room,
and through many a Gallery gay,
what a devil doth the King with so many Houses
that he gets them not fill'd with Corn and Hay.

At last they spied the King in a Garden
yet from his Game he did not start
the Day was so hot, he cast off his Doublet,
he had nothing from his waste but his shirt.

Lo yonders the King said the Nobleman
behold, Fellow lo here he goes
I believe he's some Unthrift, says the poor Man,
that has lost his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths,

But when he came before the King,
the Nobleman did his courtesie,
the poor Man followed after him
gave a nod with's head and a bend with's Knee

And if you be Sir King, then said the poor Man
as I can hardly think ye be,
He is a geud Fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the King than ye.

I am the King his Grace now said,
Fellow let me thy case understand,
if you be Sir King, I'm a Tenant of yours,
that was born and brought in your own Land

There dwells a Lawyer hard by me
and a fault with my Lease he saith he hath found
and all was for selling five poor Ashes
to build an House upon your own Ground

Hast thou a Lease here said our King
Or canst thou show to me this Deed,
He gave it into the King's own Hand
and said Sir, here it is if that you can read.

Lets see thy Lease then said the King
then from his black Box he pull'd it out
He gave it into the Kings own Hand,
with four or five Knots, ty'd fast in a Clout

We'll never unloose these Knots, said the King,
he gave it to one that behind him did stay
it is a proud Horse, then said the poor Man,
will not bear his own Provender long the highway

Pay me forty Shillings as I'll pay you,
I will not think much to unloose a knot,
I would I were so occupied every Day
I'd unloose a score of them for a Groat

When the King had gotten these Letters read,
and found the truth was very so.
I warrant thee thou hast not forfeit thy Lease
if thou had'st sell'd five Ashes mo

Ay, every one can warrant me,
but all your warrants are not worth a flea
For he that tronbles me and will not let me go,
neither cares for warrants of me nor you

Thou'lt have an injunction said our King
from troubling you he will cease
He'll either show thee Good Cause why
Or else he'll let thee live in peace.

What's that Injunction, said the poor Man
Good Sir to me I pray you say.
Why it is a Letter I'll cause to be written
But art thou so simple as thou shew'st to Day.

Why if the a Letter I'm never the better,
keep it to thy self, and trouble not me,
I could ha had a Letter written cheaper at home
and ne'er come out of my own Country.

Thou'lt have an Attachment said our King
charge all that thou seest take thy part
till he pay thee a hundred pound
before thou never let him start.

if any seem against thee to stand,
before thou come hither straightway,

ay, marry is that all I've got for my Labour
then I may come trotting every Day

Thou art hard of belief, then said our King;
to please him with Letters he was willing,
I see you have taken Great pains in writing,
with all my Heart I'll give a Shilling.

I'll have none of thy Shilling said our King,
Man, with thy Money God give thee win
He threw it into the Kings Bosom,
the Money lay cold unto his Skin

Beshrew thy Heart, then said our King
thou art a Carl something too bold
Dost thou not see I am hot with Bowling,
and the Money next my Skin lies cold

I never wist that before said the poor Man,
before like time as I came hither
if the Lawyers in our Country thought it cold,
they would not heap up so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,
and bad him fetch him twenty pound
if ever thy Errand lie here away.
I'll bear thy Charges up and down,

When the poor Man saw the Gold down tendred
for to receive it he was willing,
if I had thought the King had so mickle Gold,
beshrew my heart I'd ha kept my Shilling

The poor Man got home the next Sunday
the Lawyer soon did him espy
O Sir, you have been a Stranger long
I think from me you have kept you by

it was for you indeed, said the poor man,
the Matter to the King as I have tell
I did as my Neighbour put into my head,
and made a submission to him my self, (Lawyer

What a Deed did thou with the King said the
could not Neighbours & Friends agree thee & me
the Deed a Neighbour or Friend that I had,
that would have been such a Days Man as he.

He gin me a Letter but I know not what they
but if the Kings words be true to me, call't
when you have read and perused it over
I hope you'll leave and let me be,

He has gin me and thee but I know not what
but I charge you all to hold him fast
till he pay me an hundred Pound
I will go and tie him fast till a post

Marry God forbid the Lawyer said
then the Tatchment was Read before them there,
Thou must needs something credit me,
till I go home and fetch some meer.

Credit nay that's it the King forbad,
he bad if I got thee I should thee stay
The Lawyer paid him an hundred Pound
in Ready Money e'er he went away.

Would every Lawyer was served thus
from troubling poor Men they would cease
They'd either show them good Cause why
Or else they'd let them live in peace.

And thus I end my merry Song
which shows the plain Mans simpleness
And the Kings Great mercy in righting wrongs,
and the Lawyers fraud and wickedness.

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may be had all Sorts of Old and New Ballads,
Broadsheets, Histories, &c.